MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Knit-to-fit
REGISTERED & PATENTED

Combination Suits

Ladies delight in these perfect fitting undergarments. They are *knitted* all in one piece—not cut to fit—and have no clumsy seams to irritate the skin. The special weave at throat and around the waist (as illustrated) shows how the Knit-to-fit Suits prevent that uncomfortable "bunching."

Silk hand crochet around neck and down the front, cuffs and ankles.

All sizes—all weights—in all fabrics from silk to cotton. Write for illustrated catalogue if your dealer does not handle Knit-to-fit. 1

THE KNIT-TO-FIT MANUFACTURING CO.
222 Papineau Avenue, - - - Montreal.

THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Fields of Fair Renown," etc.

(Continued)

He fixed his terrible eye upon me, and said slowly and distinctly, "Justin Blake resistance is useless. I have spent years of my life in finding out the secrets of life. By pure psychology I have obtained my power over you. You are a weaker man than I—weaker under ordinary circumstances. You would be swayed by my will if I knew no more the mysteries of the mind than you—superior in mind and in will-force; but by the knowledge I have mentioned I have made you my slave."

I felt the truth of his words. He was a stronger man than I naturally, while by his terrible power I was rendered entirely helpless. Still, at that very moment, the inherent obstinacy of my nature showed itself.

"I am not your slave," I said.

"You are," he said. "Did you feel no strange influences coming back just now? Was not Herod Voltaire your master?"

I was silent.

"Just so," he answered with a smile; "and yet I wish to do you no harm. But upon this I do insist. You must leave Temple Hall; you must allow me to woo and to win Miss Gertrude Forrest."

"I never will," I cried.

"Then," said he, jeeringly, "your life must be ruined. You must be swept out of the way, and then, as I told you. I will take this dainty duck from you. I will press her rosy lips to mine, and——"

"Stop!" I cried; "not another word;" and, seizing him by the collar, I shook him furiously. "Speak lightly of her," I continued, "and I will trash you like a dog, as well as that cur who follows at your heels."

For a moment my will had seemed to gain the mastery over him. He stared at me blankly, but only for a moment, for soon his light eyes glittered; and then, as Kaffar came up by his side, my strength was gone, my hands dropped by my side, and unheeding the cynical leer of the Egyptian, or the terrible look of his friend, I walked into the house like one in a dream.

CHAPTER VIII.—DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

During the next few days there was but little to record. The party evidently forgot mesmerism and thought-reading, and seemingly enjoyed themselves without its assistance. The young men and women walked together and talked together, while the matrons looked complacently on. During the day there was hunting, skating, and riding, while at night there was story-telling, charades, games of various sorts, and dancing. Altogether, it was a right old-fashioned, unconventional English country party, and day by day we got to enjoy ourselves more, because we learned to know each other better.

Perhaps, however, I am using a wrong expression. I ought not to have said "we." I cannot say that I enjoyed myself very much. More than that, the calamities I dreaded did not take place, but the absence of those calamities brought me no satisfaction. And thus, while all the rest laughed and were joyful, I was solitary and sad. Once or twice I thought of leaving Temple Hall, but I could not bring myself to do so. I should be leaving the woman I was each day loving more and more, to the man who knew no honour, no mercy, no manliness.

During these days I was entirely free from Voltaire's influence, as free as I was before I saw him. He always spoke to me politely, and to a casual observer his demeanour towards me was very friendly. Kaffar, on the other hand, treated me very rudely. He often sought to turn the laugh against me; he even greeted me with a sneer. I took no notice of him, however—never replied to his insulting words; and this evidently maddened him. The truth was, I was afraid lest there should be some design in Voltaire's apparent friendliness and Kaffar's evident desire to arouse enmity, and so I determined to be on my guard.

I was not so much surprised at my freedom from the influence he had exercised over me the day after I had placed myself under his power, and for a reason that was more painful to me. Miss Forrest avoided ever meeting me alone, never spoke to me save in monosyllables, and was cold and haughty to me at all times. Many times had I seen her engaged in some playful conversation with some members of the party; but the moment I appeared on the scene her smile was gone, and, if opportunity occurred, she generally sought occasion to leave. Much as I loved her, I was too proud to ask a reason for this, and so, although we were so friendly on Christmas Day, we were exceedingly cold and distant when New Year's Eve came. This, as may be imagined, grieved me much; and when I saw Voltaire's smile as he watched Miss Forrest repel any attempt of mine to converse with her, I began to wish I had never set my foot in Temple Hall.

And yet I thought I might be useful to her yet. So I determined to remain in Yorkshire until she returned to London, and even then I hoped to be able to shield her from the designs which I was sure Voltaire still had.

New Year's Day was cold and forbidding. The snow had gone and the ice had melted; but the raw, biting wind swept across moor and fen, forbidding the less robust part of the company to come away from the warm fires.

I had come down as usual, and, entering the library, I found Miss Forrest seated.

"I wish you a happy new year, Miss Forrest," I said. "May it be the happiest year you have ever known."

She looked around the room as if she expected to see some one else present; then, looking up at me, she said, with the happy look I loved to see. "And I heartily return your wish, Mr. Blake."

There was no coldness, no restraint in her voice. She spoke as if she was glad to see me, and wanted me to know it. Instantly a burden rolled away from my heart, and for a few minutes I was the happiest of men. Presently I heard voices at the library door, and immediately Miss Forrest's kindness and cheerfulness vanished, and those who entered the room must have fancied that I was annoying her with my company. I remained in the room a few minutes longer, but she was studiously cold an polite to me, so that when I made a pretence of going out to the stables to see a new horse Tom Temple had bought, I did so with a heavy heart.

I had no sooner entered the stable-yard than Simon Slowden appeared, and beckoned to me.

"I looked hout for yer honour all day yesterday," he said, "but you lay like a hare in a furze bush. Things is looking curious, yer honour."

"Indeed, Simon. How?"

"Can 'ee come this yer way a minit yer honour?"

"Certainly," I said, and followed him into a room over the stables. I did not like having confidences in this way; but my brain was confused, and I could not rid myself of the idea that some plot was being concocted against me.

Simon looked around to make sure there were no eavesdroppers; then he said, "There's a hancient wirgin 'ere called Miss Staggles, ain't there, Mr. Blake?"

"There is. Why?"

"It's my belief as 'ow she's bin a wacCinated ten times, yer honour."

"Why, Simon?"

"Why, she's without blood or marrow, she is; and as for flesh, she ain't got none."

"Well, what for that?"

"And not honly that," he continued, without heeding my question, "she hain't a got a hounce of tender feelin' in her natur. In my opinion, sur, she's a witch, she is, and hev got dealin's with the devil."

"And what for all this?" I said. "Surely you haven't taken me up here to give me your impressions concerning Miss Staggles?"

"Well, I hev partly, yer honour. The truth is"—here he sunk his voice to a whisper—"she's very thick with that villain with a hinfidel's name. They're in league, sur."

"How do you know?"

"Thy've bin a-promenadin' together nearly every day since Christmas; and when a feller like that 'ere Woltaire goes a-walkin' with a creature like that hancient wirgin on his arm, then I think there must be somethin' on board."

"But this is purely surmise, Simon. There is no reason why Miss Staggles and Mr. Voltaire may not walk together."

"There's more than surmise, sur. You know the plantation up behind the house, Mr. Blake?"

"The fr plantation? Very well."

"Well, sur, the night afore last I war up there. They are hevin' a kind of Christmas-tree in one of the Sunday schools over in the willage tonight, and some o' the teachers came to the guv'nor and asked him for a tree to put some knick-knacks on. So he says to me, 'Simon,' says he, 'go up in the plantation and pull up a young fir tree, and then in the morning put it in the cart and take it over to the school-room.' This was day afore yesterday, in the afternoon. I was busy jist then, so I didn't go to the plantation till 'twas dusk. However, as you know, yer honour, 'tis moonlight, so I didn't trouble. Well, I got a young fir tree pulled up, and was jist agoing to light my pipe, when I see some figures a-coming' threw the plantation towards a summer-ouse that was put up 'bout two years ago. So I lied luff. 'I believe,' I says, 'that it's that hinfidel and the skinny wirgin a-walkin' together.' They goes into the summer-'ouse, and then I creeps down, and gets behind a tree, but close enough to the couple to hear every word. Sure 'nough, sur, I wur right; it was the wirgin Staggles and this 'ere Woltaire.

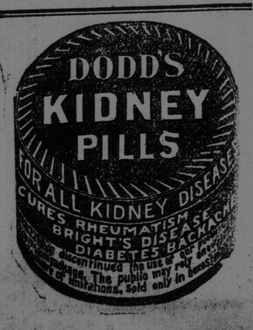
"They seemed quarrellin' like when I come up, for she wur sayin'—

"'Tis no use, she never will.'

"'Nonsense!' says he. 'Give her time, and poison her mind against that Blake, and she'll come around.'

"'I've done that,' says she. 'I've told her that Mr. Blake is a regular male flirt; that he's had dozens of love affairs with girls; and, besides that, I told her that her marked preference for him was being talked about.'

(To be Continued)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

LIGHT, WARM TOGS FOR WINTER SPORTS.

The skating girl—or the maid who delights in long tramps through the frosty air—likes to be warmly clad in garments that will not impede her movements. An ideal costume is shown here. The jacket of angora wool, while not in the least bulky, is as warm as a fur coat. The cosy angora scarf may be twisted around the throat or tied over the cap as one chooses. Below the short, kilted skirt are splendid tramping and hockey boots, of stout Russia calf leather with low, broad heels and welted extension soles.

HOW ST. JOHN BENEFITS BY HAVANA STEAMSHIP LINE

Business Men Support the Application to the Dominion Government for a Subsidy for the Service.

A movement is on foot to secure a subsidy from the dominion government for the line of steamers which for the last few months have been running between St. John and Havana. Many of the leading merchants and shippers of the city are giving the project their strongest support and have addressed letters on the subject to Hon. William Pugsley, St. John's representative in the cabinet, urging the advantages which have already accrued and will still further result from the encouragement of direct trade with Cuba.

The service was established by the Boston & Cuba Steamship Company between St. John and Havana, and is the first direct means of communication which this city has obtained with that port. The results have been very encouraging. During the time that the Talisman, the steamer engaged in the service, has been running, large quantities of local produce have been shipped at rates which successfully met the competition from United States ports and the growth of trade which has resulted is urged upon the government as a strong argument in favor of a subsidy. It is also pointed out that the line is in competition with subsidized companies.

Among the products which have found a ready market in Havana may be mentioned oats, hay, potatoes, apples, grain, fish, lumber, flour and granite paving blocks. St. John firms who gave the line a trial when the service first started have found a ready market for their goods, and as a result the Talisman has been supplied with fine cargoes every trip.

The interest which St. John firms are taking in the request for a subsidy arises not only from the fact that a direct and regular service is maintained, but that it has opened up an entirely new market for other goods. The advantages which St. John merchants have derived are well set forth in letters bearing on the question of a subsidy which have been addressed to Dr. Pugsley.

C. H. Peters' Sons state that they have been able to secure good orders for every sailing and find they can do a large business with Havana in pressed hay, grain, feed stuffs, potatoes and produce generally.

Andre Cushing & Co. mention the fact that in four months they have sent 750,000 feet of lumber to customers and expect to still further increase their trade by larger shipments of box-shooks, a business which they had to abandon via New York on account of the rates charged.

As an example of the advantages of this service, John Sealy quoted the freight rate on fish in drums of 128 pounds net as fifty cents, against seventy-seven cents via Boston and New York.

A. C. Smith & Co. write that since the line started the firm have made a connection in Havana and they have there a market for hay, potatoes, oats and fish, which they never had before.

The demand for New Brunswick potatoes in Cuba is very large and William Thomson & Co., in their letter urging the government to support the service, state that the market will easily absorb 100,000 barrels a month. They add that there is also a practically inexhaustible market for Canadian hay.

De Witt Bros., Ltd., testify to the excellent results obtained from shipments and express the opinon that if the line should stop they would be at the mercy of New York and their business with Havana would cease.

The Lake of the Woods Milling Company, Ltd., emphasize the fact that the line has given them a rate from St. John low enough to compete with Boston and New York, and they are satisfied they will secure a good share of the flour trade in Cuba.

B. Mooney & Sons report they have been quoted a rate on granite paving blocks which places them in a position to compete with Boston, and they look for good results.

In addition to letters from the firms mentioned, communications urging the government to grant a subsidy have been sent to Dr. Pugsley by James Pender, Mayor Bullock, W. E. Foster, president of the board of trade; J. A. Gregory, T. H. Estabrooks, John Keefe, and others.

In a letter of recent date addressed to James H. Doody, who is interested in the company, Dr. Pugsley, writing from Ottawa, stated that he would be pleased to press the matter of a subsidy upon the favorable consideration of the minister of trade and commerce.

THE LAST OF A GRAFTER

Abe Ruef, San Francisco's Ex-boss, Sent to Penitentiary for Fourteen Years.

San Francisco, Dec. 29.—Abraham Ruef, ex-boss of this city, convicted of many charges of bribery and corruption, was sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment today.

ST. JOHN MILITIA CHANGE

Ottawa, Dec. 29.—(Special)—The following is gazetted: 62nd Regiment, St. John Fusiliers, to be provisional lieutenant, Sergeant Charles Ira Dunfield, vice A. McMillan, retired.

"Did you dodge the rent man, Barney?"
"No, bedad, he nabbed me first toime."

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

WILL BE FASTEST BIG SHIP AFLOAT

Britain Building a Great Cruiser to be Larger and Faster Than the Indomitable.

Washington, Dec. 29.—England is now making preparations at Devonport for the laying down of a new large armored cruiser, which is one of the two "capital ships" to be laid down under the naval programme for the present year. Her keel will be laid early in February, but before that much preliminary work must be carried out. The new vessel will be an improved Indomitable, and will be known as the Indefatigable. She will be at once the longest and fastest large ship in the British navy, and probably in the world. According to the Western Morning News her details compare as follows with those of the Indomitable:

	Indomitable.	Indefatigable.
Length (feet)	530	570
Beam (feet)	78½	79 or 80
Displacement (tons)	17,250	18,000
Horse power	41,000	45,000
Nominal speed (knots)	25	28

It is understood that her armament will be the same as the Indomitable—eight twelve-inch guns, all of which can fire on either broadside, and sixteen four-inch guns. The actual speed will probably approach thirty knots.

The largest cruiser at present building is the German "F" of 18,700 tons and 45,000 horse-power, armed with twelve eleven-inch guns.

Steamship Tabasco, of the Furness line, now on her way to Glasgow from this port, took away a cargo valued at $87,241. Among her cargo are 42,982 bushels of wheat.

ROY HARDING WAS NOT GUILTY PARTY

Man Arrested in Connection With West End Hugging Case Was Honorably Discharged in the Police Court Yesterday

Roy Harding was honorably discharged from custody by Magistrate Ritchie yesterday afternoon, the allegation of assault on Edith Atkinson having failed of proof. No fine for carrying the revolver was imposed.

In the afternoon, Miss Annie A. Falconer and Miss Hattie Fox gave evidence. They both live at the corner of Tower and Lancaster streets. Both said that about 8 o'clock or a little after it they saw Harding, whom they knew quite well by sight, get off a car and walk up Lancaster street. Both spoke of having heard screaming in the street. This was before the car came along, Miss Fox saying it must have been eight minutes before.

Mr. Harding was also called and said that he lives in Erin street and works for F. E. Williams Co., Ltd. On Monday night he stopped work at 6 o'clock, as usual. After supper he read the papers and then caught the 8.20 trip of the ferry boat to Carleton, as he intended calling at Mr. Robson's house. From the ferry landing he took the Blue Rock car to the corner of Tower and Lancaster streets. He told the names of the motorman and brakeman, and described the passengers on the trip. After getting off the car he was trying to light a cigar when Miss Scully, daughter of Ald. Scully, came running towards him calling "Un, mister, mister, there's a man at the end of the house choking a girl."

On hearing this, Harding said he took a revolver out of his pocket and, running around the end of the house, saw Miss Atkinson lying on the ground. He said that after the girl had been taken care of for the time he helped to look for the pocketbook. Afterwards, when Miss Atkinson was going home, he offered his escort, which was not declined. On the way to her residence, he said that if there was any trouble his name was Harding, and he told her where he could be found.

The magistrate, after commenting on the lack of evidence, dismissed the accused and advocated a thorough search for the guilty man.

CHRISTMAS TREATS FOR THE CHILDREN

Christmas Entertainments Held in Several Sunday Schools Last Evening.

Christmas entertainments for the children were held last evening in several of the Sunday school rooms of the churches. In St. Mary's schoolroom there was a tree and Santa Claus paid a visit. Fairville Baptist church had a tree and treat for the little ones; Calvin church had a tree and a cantata, the Christmas Pilgrim was much enjoyed. In Main street Baptist church supper was served to about 400 and bags of candy and fruit distributed.

The annual business meeting followed and officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: H. V. Hayes, superintendent; Allison Niles, asst. supt.; John B. Cowan, treasurer; Miss Ella McAlary, secretary; W. A. T. Thorne, librarian; Miss Mary Thorne, asst. librarian; Miss Elsie Erb, supt. primary dept.; Miss Hazel Burke, asst. supt. primary dept.; Miss Louise White, organist; Miss Alice Burke, asst. organist; Mrs. W. H. White, supt. cradle roll.

The present membership of the school is more than 600 and the average attendance more than 400. During the year contributions amounting to $537.79 were received and the school is in an excellent financial condition with a good balance on hand. The amount raised for missions was $314.41.

HON. H. F. McLEOD WILL WED THIS EVENING

Solicitor General Will Lead Miss Ina Merserean to the Altar.

Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 29.—The wedding of Miss Ina Mersereau to Solicitor-General H. F. McLeod will take place tomorrow afternoon at 6 o'clock, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Scott, this city. After the ceremony, the bride and groom will leave by the 9 o'clock train for St. John and will later visit Montreal, Toronto, Detroit and other Canadian cities.

The bride-elect, Miss Ina F. Mersereau, is a daughter of Major and Mrs. George W. Mersereau, of Doaktown. She graduated from the University of New Brunswick with the degree of B. A. in 1904, and in June last had the M. A. degree conferred upon her from the same college. For some time after her graduation she occupied a position on the teaching staff of the Macdonald Consolidated school at Kingston (N. B.), and during a part of last year supplied in Dr. H. C. Creed's department at the Provincial Normal school.

A BLIZZARD IN BRITAIN

Many Towns Isolated, Trains Stalled and Much Damage Done—Enormous Snow Drifts.

London, Dec. 29.—The whole of the United Kingdom is in the grip of a blizzard of exceptional violence and especially Scotland and the north of Ireland. It has raged for the past forty-eight hours, accompanied by very low temperature and a driving wind that has completely disorganized the northern railway service and caused suspension or delay to all street car traffic. Many towns are isolated and numerous accidents and deaths from exposure have been reported. There also have been several shipping casualties, but fortunately these were not attended by serious loss of life.

London is covered with a mantle of snow several inches in depth, while in Scotland and north of Wales there are snow drifts several feet in depth, which have blocked roads and railways. The cross-channel passenger services and telegraph and telephone lines in all directions have suspended and all out-door labor has ceased. Farmers are suffering severely in the loss of cattle and sheep.

The Scotch express, bound for London, is snowed up eighteen miles from Aberdeen and the passengers were forced to spend the night there on board. The London express for Aberdeen, also had a similar experience.

Headaches and Neuralgia From Colds

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world-wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove. 25.

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar, the officially approved ingredient for a wholesome, high-class powder

There is greater deception in the sale of baking powders than ever before. Closely observe the label and be certain of getting Royal.

NOVA SCOTIA SAILOR LOSES FOOT BY STRANGE ACCIDENT

(Boston Journal).

With his right foot amputated at the ankle in as strange an accident as ever befell a man at sea, Hibbard Malone, a fisherman aboard the T'wharf schooner Squanto, suffered tortures for thirty-six hours before the half-frenzied crew could weather a gale, and get him under a doctor's care.

The Squanto arrived at T wharf just before dark last night with one of the most heartrending stories of suffering brought into this port for many months. And that the man did not die during the awful hours that he was without medical attention is due to the almost superhuman efforts of Capt. John Robbins and his men in bucking against a a giant tempest on the Nova Scotia coast.

The Squanto last Monday evening was fishing far away on the western banks. Capt. Robbins stayed on the grounds until the craft was compelled to run before the increasing gale. The skipper ordered the men first to reef and then to take in sail altogether. Capt. Robbins was at the wheel, and the unfortunate fisherman, Malone, was about to lower the mainsail, and had even taken hold of the mainsail halyards. He accidentally stepped on the coil of heavy rope. This slipped and let down the main gaff, which came tumbling from aloft, and Malone was tossed high in the air by the halyard that was coiled around his foot.

The rope tightened its hold on the ankle of the fisherman, and when he finally dropped to the deck, the foot was torn off and the ankle bone was frightfully crushed.

Malone screamed from the pain, and notwithstanding that the furious gale was getting worse every minute, his mates all rushed to his assistance. As soon as his body struck the deck, he was picked up as tenderly as could be, and carried to the cabin. Malone was saved from bleeding to death in all probability by the rope drawing the arteries together. Capt. Robbins and his men bound up the bleeding ankle and the skipper shaped his course for Shelbourne, N. S.

Such a fearful gale was blowing that it was hours before she seemed to make any progress, though Capt. Robbins ordered on every inch of canvas possible, in order to get his man under a doctor's care at the earliest moment in his power. But with the seas breaking over her every minute, the craft could make little progress. To the fisherman in the cabin, suffering as few men have ever been called to under like circumstances, it seemed as though the distance would never be covered.

Malone, it was said yesterday when the schooner reached T wharf, stood the frightful ordeal with the courage of a stoic. And finally, after pushing through the enormous seas, the schooner was brought to anchor in Shelbourne harbor. A doctor was hurried aboard. Malone was given opiates and taken ashore. There was no hospital in the town, but the physician took the injured man to his own home, and he is there yet. The following day the Squanto left for the fishing grounds again. Malone lives somewhere in Nova Scotia.

ISLAND BOY FACES A SERIOUS CHARGE

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dec. 29—(Special)—William Burgoyne, aged nineteen, of Bradalbane, was arrested last night on board the steamer Stanley on his way to the mainland. He is charged with criminal assault on a nine-year-old deaf and dumb girl named McFadyen of Granville.

AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY FOR I. C. R. SHOP MEN

Moncton, N. B., Dec. 29—(Special)—After the 1st of January, I. C. R. shop employes will work on an eight hour day at eight hours pay. Orders to this effect have been received here from Ottawa and the new system is to be continued until further notice.

This applies all over the I. C. R. system.

W. C. Paver, of Moncton, general secretary of the I. C. R. Employes' Relief and Insurance Association, arrived in the city last evening.

W. W. Hubbard went to Fredericton last evening.

ANOTHER FREAK BET

J. A. Krohn, of Portland, Me., Walking 9000 Miles and Pushing a Wheelbarrow—He Has Reached San Francisco.

San Francisco, Dec. 29—J. A. Krohn, of Portland, Maine, arrived in this city today on a walk of 9,000 miles, which he is to make on a wager in 400 days. According to the condition of the bet, Krohn, who is better known as "Colonial Jack," must push a wheelbarrow en route and cover the distance in the time named. He has already walked 4,660 miles, an average of 26 miles a day. To complete the walk on schedule time he must walk a fraction over 22 miles a day, and in spite of 11 days lost on account of illness, he is far ahead of the requirements.

"The syhynx," the wheel-barrow which the pedestrian trundles on his long walk, is covered with the post marks of 635 post offices. It also has a speed-meter attached to register the number of miles covered. The wager on the outcome of the walk is $1,000 against 2,900 copies of the book which Krohn will write on the completion of his walk.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

A SNOWFLAKE FANCY.

Each snowflake is a tiny star adrift,
And many sparkling snowflakes do we see
When with our dear old skull we catch the swift
And solid snowball hurling fancy free.

Whom did it hit?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down under snowman.